

AMERICAN EAGLE
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

POETRY.

Written for the "Eagle."

My Father's Grave.

Far away, far away, where the western hills
Their blue-eyed summits show;
Where the king-fisher plumes at the rocky rills
As rapidly they flow;
By the forest wide, where the dry leaves ride,
And the hoarse winds rave, is my Father's grave

No stone is there, where his form doth lie,
To point to in after years;
No kindred unto the lowly spot lie,
To dew it with holy tears;
The whip-poor-will's song, steals sadly along,
And the night-hawk cries 'round the place where he lies.

There the ever-green pine grows wider and
higher,
Its branches with cedar enwound;
And the broom-straw is matted with wild
running briar
That creeps o'er the desolate ground:
It has passed away, the real mound of clay,
They drew o'er the head, of my sire long dead.

They told me, they told me, that he would die,
But I knew not what they meant;
The tear-drops gushed for awhile in mine eye,
But the torrent soon was spent:
For I was a child, merry and wild,
Then I did not know of our dreaded foe.

He died; and they buried him, buried him there,
Near the root of an old cherry tree,
Whose black ragged limbs, sing a dirge in the
air.

As the wind rushes by in wild glee,
Far away, far away, where dry leaves play
And the tempests rave, is my Father's grave.

Country Girls.

Up in the early morning,
Just as the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away—
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the bed up stairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting for eggs at the barn,
Cleaning the turkeys for dinner
Spinning the stocking yarn—
Spreading the whitening linen,
Down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow,
Where the red strawberries grow.

Starching the "fixings" for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainer
Down in the running stream—
Feeding the geese and turkeys,
Making the pumpkin pie,
Jogging the little one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,
Music in every tone,
Beauty in form and feature,
Thousands might court to own—
Cheeks that rival spring roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls;
One of these country maids is worth
A score of your city girls.

POLITICAL.

Coalition of Democrats and Abolitionists

The organs of the so called Democracy often boast that they do not talk one way at the North and another at the South, but that Democracy is the same everywhere. We thank you, heartily, gentlemen, for that word. If Democracy be the same thing every where, then Southern Democrats are responsible for the following blast from the New Hampshire Patriot:

"The Nebraska bill works gloriously and triumphantly for freedom. No act of any President or any Congress has secured so much and so suddenly and so easily for liberty, and men of all parties will be obliged to acknowledge with the intelligent and honest National Intelligencer, and on the day after the passage of the bill, although they opposed it from beginning to end for the sake of peace and good feeling throughout the nation, yet truth and honesty required them to confess their belief that the North and South should change their positions and the North go for the bill and the South oppose it."

Democracy being now entirely sold out to Popery (and in fact wearing Popery's collar around its neck) we are next to hold that party responsible for that abolition letter Daniel O'Connell addressed to Irishmen in America in 1843, in fulfillment of Pope Gregory's abolition allocation. We quote the following from it as a specimen of the whole:

"At all events, every Catholic knows how distinguished slaveholding, and especially slave-trading, in condemned by the Catholic Church. That most eminent man, his Holiness, the present Pope, has by an allocation published throughout the world, condemned all traffic in slaves. Nothing can be more powerful than the Pope's denunciation of that most abominable crime. If you be Catholic, you should devote your time and best exertions to working out the pious intentions of his Holiness."

Let it not be said that your feelings are made so obtuse by the air of America that you cannot feel, as Catholics and Christians ought to feel, this truth—that plain truth—that one man cannot have property in another.

Irishmen, I call on you to join in crushing slavery, and giving liberty to every man of every caste and color."

The Ohio Democracy are the next exponent of that party's sentiments on the "vital question" whom we are to call up as witnesses, and they expressed themselves as follows in their gubernatorial Convention of 1844:

Resolved, That the people of Ohio now, as they always have done, look upon slavery as an evil, and unfavorable to the development of the spirit and practical benefits of free institutions, and that, entertaining these sentiments, they will at all times feel it to be their duty to use all power clearly given by the terms of the national compact to prevent its influence, to mitigate, and finally to eradicate its evil.

as they swallowed the Cincinnati platform only as they would *Ipecac*—to throw it up again—as one of their leaders told Col. Benton—they necessarily still hold on to the following anti-slavery views:

"Resolved, That while the Democracy of New York, represented in this Convention, will faithfully adhere to all the compromises of the Constitution, and maintain all the reserved Rights of the States—they declare since the crisis has arrived when that question must be met—that Uncompromising Hostility to the extension of slavery into Territory now free, which may hereafter be acquired by any action of the Government of the United States."

Such, good reader, are the abolition elements with which Southern Democrats heartily united in the Cincinnati Convention, and such are the abolitionists with whom they are co-operating in endeavors to elect Mr. Buchanan.

From the Frankfort Commonwealth.

Letter from Hon. Humphrey Marshall.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 25, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR:—I wish I could comply with your urgent request, that I should be present at the Union meeting of the citizens of Ohio and Kentucky, at Cincinnati and Covington, on the 27th inst. But, my duty as a representative of the people, forbids my absence from a single vote to be taken at this extra session of Congress, and I shall not be absent from one, if my life is preserved, should the session last until next March.

If I were with you, I should say to my countrymen, that the safety of the republic depends upon the election of Millard Fillmore to the Presidency, and that, in my humble opinion, if they are not wise enough to determine the matter in that way, they will not be wise enough to save the Union.

I do not write thus because of mere personal admiration for Mr. Fillmore, nor because I suppose he alone has wisdom enough to administer the government through a period of difficulty, but because he is the representative of concord and harmony between the great sections of our country, while his competitors aspire to rule, each backed substantially by a sectional party, only, and each hoping to succeed by solidifying sectional interests so as to win by it.

Mr. Fremont has no party in any slaveholding State. He may have a ticket in one or more, but every one knows that the most sanguine of his supporters claim but a few thousand for him in the whole range of those States. On the contrary, he has become the exponent of an immense body of voters in the free States, and his friends in those States claim his election as a matter which time will render certain, and which they are determined to accomplish. The slave States have 120 votes; the free States 176 votes—149 are necessary to a choice by the people. If Mr. Fremont loses New York he will be defeated, no matter how the vote of the slave States may be split between Buchanan and Fillmore. If he loses Ohio and New Jersey—or if he loses Pennsylvania and California, or Indiana, Illinois and Connecticut, the same result will follow. It is useless to say to you that Mr. Buchanan cannot, if left to struggle alone, hope to win the desirable result upon any combination of those States, even if the whole slaveholding States vote for him. His best friends here will hardly claim it—his enemies laugh at the supposition in utter scorn. He could not, if report be true, carry his own State, without the contest were triangular, and unless it be the case in Illinois, he could not hope to win in any of the remainder of the combination.

If Mr. Buchanan continues a candidate, he may impair or utterly defeat Mr. Fillmore, but if he were withdrawn or abandoned, Mr. Fillmore's election would be triumphant and most easy of accomplishment. He will carry New York, in all probability, under any circumstances; but were Mr. B. abandoned by the slave States he would carry it beyond any doubt, and, in my opinion, would attract the votes of all conservative masses throughout the free States. Mr. Buchanan cannot accomplish this result. The reasons for this lie in the fact that he has ever been a vacillating politician, is now committed to ultra schemes of policy which may and will jeopardize the peace of the country, and has taken the shoes of Gen. Pierce upon the unfortunate state of things now existing in Kansas, and touching the slavery agitation that now distracts the country. There are many other reasons; but suffice it the fact is as I state it, and all candid men must acknowledge it. If the slave States, then, prefer to enter upon the sectional contest with Mr. Buchanan as a leader, they will support him, and leave Mr. Fillmore's friends throughout the free States to withdraw altogether from the vote or to take care of themselves in the sectional contest which is to come off; for I say it boldly, that if nothing will do but a sectional contest, the men of each section will adhere to their section, and no human force can prevent it.

If such a contest is to occur, it will be because Southern people, following the advice of Southern Democrats, choose it, and will not avail themselves of the chance that is offered to them of electing a man of sound national character, whose former administration of the government was preservative of all their rights, yet who was the favorite of all the conservative masses of the free States, and who could again command their suffrages, if they saw any

corresponding effort on the part of the slave States. Mr. Buchanan does not command their confidence and cannot attract their support. The South, then, has the choice fully and fairly presented to it, of a sectional contest, by making the race between Buchanan and Fremont, or of a national struggle in which men of every section will act, by making the contest between Fillmore and Fremont; and as the South makes her bed so she must lie. I speak plainly because I feel deeply.

In the event of Mr. Buchanan's election I foresee a condition of things which will paralyze the energies of the government—protract the sectional disputes—involve the country in civil, and probably in foreign war, and end in the overthrow of the Union, or in a struggle, renewed between the sections, on a lower platform of Radicalism than either of the parties—Republican or Democrat—now occupy. That is to contemplate only a protracted decline of the republic instead of its speedy dissolution, which I believe would be the consequence of the sectional contest now. Men may smile at such a conclusion, and doubtless many good men will, but I never was more earnest than I am now, and never was more thoroughly convinced of the truth of my conclusions than I am now while writing this.

If the Democratic and Republican parties have brought affairs to that pass here, that the struggle in the legislative department of the government between them, paralyzes the government and stops the appropriations necessary for the common defence, what hope shall we entertain that when that contest is transferred to the people, and they combined under leaders who ply every effort to deepen the struggle into one purely sectional, it will be less embittered than it now has become? We are at a point where we may save ourselves; pass it, and we shall drift into a stream whose only outlet is a sea of anarchy. Have the people, the American people, the virtue to save their country by saving the Union of these States? That is the question that now presses for their answer, and I trust in God to guide your meeting to such a result as to make that answer propitious of a brighter future than that I now picture to my mind's eye.

I am no croaker. Look back on my public life, and I think no record can be found where I ever traced a doubt of the perpetuity of the government. But I tell my countrymen plainly I do now doubt it, and I look to the future with a solicitude and anxiety my bosom has heretofore been a stranger to. The people have all in their own hands. If madness rules the hour, the slave States will reject Mr. Fillmore, and will precipitate the catastrophe we shall hereafter so much deplore. If wisdom prevails, the people will rally to his standard, and will, by his election, re-establish confidence between the sections, and place the country again on the high road to a fulfillment of her proper destiny. There is nothing I have or hope for on this earth that I would not yield to save my country; and if ever there was a time or will be a time for a patriotic mind to publish its convictions, that time has arrived now.

These sectional controversies must cease, or this Union cannot long endure. Already the plains of Kansas are wet with the blood of our countrymen shed in its matricidal war, and think you it will sink in the ground? Already are bands of armed men rushing to conflict to maintain or overthrow a system of social and domestic polity hereafter to obtain in the State of Kansas when organized. Think you this state of things is to continue and yet the Union is to survive? Texas has already voted men and money to sustain one side of the cause. Other States may soon imitate her example, and when Massachusetts and South Carolina have done so, and others follow, how long do you suppose it will be before the bonds of the Union will melt in the hot furnace of excited contentions that will supervene here in the halls of the National Legislature? If Mr. Pierce's administration cannot manage the people of Kansas now, when the opposing forces do not number two thousand, and what are we to hope from Mr. Buchanan's or Mr. Fremont's administration, when States shall have become partisans, and the flags of heavy forces shall have gone down in the contest?

Oh, my mind contemplates that future with absolute horror! And yet my judgment bids me look it in the face as a danger which is imminent and approaching. We have one hope. This government was based upon the idea of the virtue and intelligence of the people, and the people are now the arbiters of their own fate. If the idea of our forefathers was correct, the people will intervene to save their institutions; if it was erroneous, or we have become too degenerate to practice upon it, the catastrophe will show, instead of a happy and free people, the "bloodiest picture in the book of Time." If Mr. Fillmore prevails, we shall have a prospect of sunny skies and fair weather for our future voyage; if he does not, my humble opinion is, the storm we now dread will prove a gentle breeze to the hurricane that will overwhelm us.

Yours, very sincerely,
HUMPHREY MARSHALL.
Hon. E. B. BARTLETT.

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MISCELLANY.

GLORY OF GOD.

Oh! when plowing the mighty deep, I've beheld it in the slow placid ruffling of the waves—in the cool and gentle breeze of heaven, that, in signal voice, wafted me to a far off clime—in the anger and fury of the tempest—in the quick and loud-sounding bursts of thunder that at once darkened the universe—and alarming and vivid flashes of lightning, which threatened to fire our bark—again at a time when fancy pictured to my imagination the jewelry of old ocean as my tomb, and for my dirge the eternal music of its roar. Then, again, with wondrous gaze, I have viewed it in the final abatement of the storm—in the ceasing of his anger who rules the waves; in the grand and renovated splendor of the brightening sky; in the majestic and unparalleled beauty of the luminary of night; and in the lovely tranquility of the winds.

"The winds were awed, nor dared to breathe aloud;

The air seemed never to have borne a cloud."

Glory of God! Reader! thinkest thou that man, a creature of insignificance, can adequately portray the glory of his maker? Dost suppose that he can dilate on that which is beyond, as yet very far beyond the ken of erring mortality? The student, in the quiet and loneliness of his little chamber, may trim and replenish his midnight lamp and outwatch the slow-paced eve; the poet may call in requisition his breathing thoughts, and methodically array them in soul stirring and animated garb of eloquence; the orator may summon to his aid the beauty and power of that mighty intellect which God endowed him with; the learned divine, in the hallowed temple, may extend his hands, uplift his eyes, and lend his knees in the holy attitude of prayer; and in accents of thanksgivings, and of praise, but 'tis all in vain to correctly discuss a theme so eminently sublime and so superlatively magnificent; so towering and so noble.

The Throne of Solomon.

The following account (says an exchange) of a remarkable piece of mechanism is taken from a Persian manuscript called "The History of Jerusalem." It purports to be a description of the throne of King Solomon, and if the details are correctly given, it undoubtedly surpasses any piece of mechanism produced in modern times. "The sides of it were of pure gold, the feet of emerald and rubies, intermixed with pearls, each of which was as large as an ostrich's egg. The throne had seven steps; on each side were delineated orchards full of trees, the branches of which were of precious stones, representing fruit ripe and unripe; on the tops of trees were to be seen figures of plumage birds, particularly the peacock, the eagle, and the kurgar. All these birds were hallowed within artificially, so as to occasionally utter a thousand melodious sounds, such as the ear of mortals never heard.

On the first was delineated vine branches, having bunches of grapes, composed of various sorts of precious stones, fashioned in such a manner as to represent the various colors of purple, violet, green and red; so as to render the appearance of real fruit.

On the second step, on each side of the throne were two lions of terrible aspect, large as life, and formed of cast gold.

The nature of this remarkable throne was such that when Solomon placed his foot on the first step, the birds spread forth their wings and made a fluttering noise in the air. On his touching the second step, the whole assemblage of demons and fairies and men repeated the praise of the Deity.

When he arrived at the fourth step, voices were heard addressing him in the following manner: "Son of David, be thankful for the blessing which the Almighty has bestowed upon you." The same was repeated on his reaching the fifth step. On his touching the sixth, all the children of Israel joined them; and on his arrival at the seventh, all the throne, birds and animals became in motion, and ceased not until he had placed himself in the royal seat, when the birds, lions, and other animals, by secret springs, discharged a shower of the most precious perfumes on Solomon; after which two of the kurgars descended and placed a golden crown upon his head.

Before the throne was a column of burnished gold, on the top of which was a golden dove, which held aloft, in its beak, a volume bound in silver. In this book were written the Psalms of David, and the dove having presented the book to the king, he read aloud a portion of Israel. It is further related, that on the approach of a wicked person to the throne, the lions were wont to set up a terrible roaring and to lash their tails with violence. The birds also began to bristle up their feathers, and the assembly, also, of demons and genii, to utter horrid cries; so, for fear of them, no one dared be guilty of falsehood, but all confessed their crimes. Such was the throne of Solomon, the son of David.

A SIMPLE RULE.—To ascertain the length of the day and night, any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of setting, which gives the length of the day. This is a little method of doing the thing which few of our readers have been aware of.

A jockey who was selling a nag to a gentleman, observed that he was an honest horse. After the purchase the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse. Why, sir, replied the seller, whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me, and he certainly never deceived me.

Ethan Allen.

A good story is told of that rare old patriot, Col. Ethan Allen, whose services in the "times that tried men's souls" were only equalled by his daring assertions of the right of private opinion in theological matters. A well known divine pastor, of the village church, called one evening on the Colonel, and while enjoying his true New England hospitality at the supper table, the conversation turned upon church matters.

Quoth the minister, "Colonel, how does it happen that a man of your extensive influence and information has never seen it his duty to join our society. You know we want laborers in the vineyard—especially such laborers as you are. Your example would tend greatly to strengthen our hands and fortify our hearts against the dire assaults of the evil one."

"Well, brother," replied Allen, "I have often thought as you do about the business, and one day I had almost made up my mind to fall into the ranks, but that night I had a dream which caused me to give it up."

Ah! exclaimed the minister, "what did you dream?"

"Well, I thought I was standing at the entrance of Paradise, and saw a man go up and knock."

Who's that? asked a voice from within.

"A friend wishing admittance," was the reply.

The door was opened, and the keeper stepped out.

Well, sir, to what denomination did you belong down yonder.

I am an Episcopalian, replied the candidate for admission.

Go in, then, and take a seat near the door, on the East side.

Just then another stepped up; he was a Presbyterian, and the guardian directed him to take a seat.

A large number were admitted, and received directions, where to seat themselves. I then stepped up to the entrance.

Well, who are you? asked the guardian.

"I am neither High Churchman, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Calvinist, Catholic nor Jew; but I am that old Ethan Allen, that you probably have heard of from below."

"What! the man that took Ticonderoga?"

"The same," I replied.

"All right, Ethan," said he, "just step in and sit down wherever you please!"

Romantic Love Story.

Here is quite a romantic—and strange, if true—story:

A beautiful young heiress had become so disgusted with a flattering set of soft pated, pomatum-haired, moustache-lipped, strongly-perfumed suitors for her hand, that she shut herself from the fashionable world, turned all her property into money deposited it in banks, donned a cheap wardrobe, put on a mask, and went, pedestrian-like, through the city in which she had hitherto moved with so much display and magnificence.

She asked alms of those who had of late knelt at her feet, and sued for her hand. They knew her not, and casting a look of scorn upon her veiled face and coarse wardrobe, bade her begone.

She entered the country—here she met with derision and scorn. A few kind hearted people, it is true, bestowed aid; but these were of the poorer class, who had hard work to procure their own daily bread; but they could not turn a fellow-creature hungry from their door, and therefore gave a small pittance from their scanty store.

One summer day, a large company met on ——— Beach. They were mostly from the city. The disguised heiress from some cause or other had wandered there. She asked alms of some termed "upper tens." They spoke tauntingly, but gave nothing. What they said had been heard by quite a number of their company. Most of them laughed or looked as if they thought it "served her right."

The beggar woman turned about and was walking sadly away, when a good looking gentleman stepped forward, and catching hold of her arm, thus spoke:

Stay, my good woman,—tell me what you want.

She replied in a low trembling tone:

I want a sixpence—only a sixpence.

You shall have ten times that sum. Here, he added, drawing from his pocket an eagle, and placing it in the gloved hand of the woman, take this, and if it is not enough, I will give you another."

The heiress returned the eagle exclaiming:

I want a sixpence, sir, only a sixpence.

Seeing that she could not be made to take the coin, the gentleman drew forth a sixpence, and gave it to the strange being beside him, who after thanking the generous donor, walked slowly away. After being laughed at for so doing by his comrades, he set out in pursuit of the beggar woman, saying:

Perhaps she's an heiress, or angel in disguise. I mean to ascertain.

Not that he thought this. He wished to show his indifference to what his comrades said, besides satisfying himself about the strange female whom he had aided. He soon overtook her, and addressed her thus:

Pardon me, madam, for pursuing you. I would know more about you.

As the speaker ceased, the mask dropped from the face of the female, and the beautiful heiress was portrayed before the astonished gentlemen.

That they were afterwards married the reader has already imagined, for the heiress used this means of procuring a worthy husband, and the generous gentleman had long been looking for an angel in disguise.

The happy husband is often heard to say that he got "an heiress for a sixpence."

FLEAS.

Fleas love the dark, and their dis-like of light combined with their great muscular power, were the basis of the exhibition of the "Industrial Fleas," at one time popular in London and other places. I once heard a story, which I believe has never been in print, and here may tell it. The Sovereign of one of the German States commanded the attendance at court of one of these exhibitions, and the performance of fleas, some harnessed like horses, and others dressed, to represent celebrated human characters, commenced. But soon the exhibitor became perturbed, looked hither and thither, searched through his repository, and stopped the performers; his Napoleon had escaped, although he was safe when the acting began. "Where can he be gone?" said the King. "The exhibitor looked uneasy, but spoke not. "Tell me," said his majesty, interrupting his increased confusion, "what you suspect?" "If I may be so bold, your majesty, I believe he has taken refuge with princess H—." "Then," said the king, "search shall be made." and the princess retired. After a while she appeared with a captive, who was immediately put upon the stage. "But oh, horror!" the exhibitor exclaimed "he is not my Napoleon; he is a wild one!"

Writing for Newspapers.

Some think they cannot make an effective article without ample space. They must have room to spread themselves. But small bullets often do great execution. A paragraph, pitifully expressed, is often quoted from one end of the land to the other, becoming a byword for millions. In a few piquant sentences a keen writer may hit off a folly of the day, or reveal an enigma, or put in a portable form an article for religion. Such an article is not light and frivolous, because it is brief. In that small compass may be packed a tremendous thought and power of expression. It may be as solid as a cannon-ball, and cut down everything before it. We beg, therefore those who write for us to condense what they have to say in the briefest space. They might save us infinite trouble by a little pains to pack their thoughts close together. If an article covers four pages, let them write it over and compress it into two. Ten to one it will be improved by the change. And it will save us the disagreeable task of criticism and mutilation. No one who writes for this busy age, speak quick, use short sentences, never stop the reader with a long and long ambiguous word, let the stream of thought flow right on, and men will drink it in like water.—Banner.

THE TEETH.

The enamel of the teeth is one of the most curious substances in the human organism. It is a vitreous compound, sufficiently hard to strike fire with steel, its surface is smooth and polished, and forms a thicker layer on the crown of the tooth, and at points where the teeth come in contact, than toward the cervix or neck. Its crystalline fibers, as seen through a microscope are transverse to the perpendicular surface of the teeth, and seem to protrude from the ivory beneath, in innumerable filiform points, giving to the more translucent medium which they thus penetrate and pervade, a beautiful velvety appearance. It is supposed, however, that the enamel has neither blood vessels nor nerves, in its matured and completed state, and that its formation and its sensitiveness to touch are dependent upon the vascular and nervous structure of the interior or osseous portion of the tooth, with which it communicates by pressure, or transferred motion.

People act to wards poverty as they do towards the itch—as if it were catching. The only shop in a neighborhood that people don't want to trade with, is the one belonging to a "female wilder" with a dozen children, six of whom are without victuals, and the other six without breeches. Queer, isn't it?

A quaint writer of sentences says: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away—afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset—afraid to walk for fear that the dew might fall—but I never saw one afraid to be married!"

THE DOG OF THE REFORMATION.—The negotiations with the Pope for dissolving Henry VIII's marriage, which brought in the Reformation, are said to have been interrupted by the Earl of Wiltshire's dog biting his Holiness's toe when he put it out to be kissed by that ambassador.

Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it; and the farther on we go, the more we have to come back.

There is a firm in New York, the name of which is Lay, Hatch and Clerk. The clerks are presumed to be all Shlaghish.

A Frenchman, learning English, and anxious to say something very striking in parting from the lady of his heart, consulted his dictionary, and there finding that "to pickle" meant "to preserve," bade her farewell with the emphatic exclamation, "may Heaven pickle you."

Some people think the best way to cook tomatoes is to bake them on a flat dish, as apples are baked, and butter, pepper and salt "to your liking."

A country editor wrote that a contemporary has taken a daisial "for better or worse." His compositor had it "for butter and rice."

The ancient Greeks buried their dead in earthen jars, and many of these are found in the Crimea. The most perfect, large enough to contain six persons in a sitting posture, was discovered by some bee-hunters, who traced a bee to the spot and found the jar filled with honey.

Fashionable society generally has many faults—first, in being hollow-headed, and secondly, hollow-hearted.

The Cleveland, Ohio, a very spively well edited paper, heretofore independent, has hoisted the Fillmore flag.